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VARIED THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS ARISE AT MENTION OF JAMES

"BRANDON" NESTLES ON SOUTH SHORE OF HISTORIC STREAM

Famous Estate on River Is Rich in Soil and Memories.

WAS PATENTED IN 1617

History Starts But Few Years After Landing of Colonists at Jamestown.

By Edward St. John.

The James! What varied thoughts and emotions arise at the very mentioning of that historical water course! Nestling on the south shore of this famous river stands the quaint and interesting home of the Harrison family, "Brandon." There are three Brandons in Virginia—"Brandon" on the Rappahannock River, formerly the home of the Grymes family, and Upper and Lower Brandon, on the James. The famous estate last mentioned, Lower Brandon, as rich in soil as memories, was patented by Captain John Martin in 1617; its history starts but a few years after the first colonists landed at Jamestown Island.

Captain John Martin, among the first settlers to land, was a man of some influence and importance in those days, a member of the Council, appointed by the King, he was one of the few who wanted to hold on at James Towne after the fever and starvation depleted the colony to such an extent that those remaining took to ships and abandoned the settlement to the will of the elements and the savages of the forest.

Granted Thousands of Acres.

In 1617 he was granted several thousand acres of land in the neighborhood of Chippoak Creek; the terms of this grant were of such an unusual nature that Captain John came near being Lord John. In 1619 he sent as burgesses to the first General Assembly "om Brandon Robert Stacy and Thomas Davis. However, these men were not allowed to sit with the Assembly until Captain Martin gave up some of the high priveleges that his land grant convey. Being the only living member of original Council still living in Virginia, Captain John declined, saying: "I hold my patent for service don, which noe newe or late comers can merritt or challenge." He was to "enjoye his landes in as large and ample manner to all intentes and purposes as any Lord of any Manour in England doth hold his grounde." After some time he was induced to surrender this high authority, fortunately for the colony.

Martin was son of Sir Richard Martin and a brother-in-law to Sir Julius Caesar. His daughter Dorcas married Captain George Bargrave, son of Robert Bargrave, of Bridge, in Kent. George Bargarve, coming to Jamestown, became largely interested, with his brother, John Bargrave, in the trade of the colony. In the land grant of 1637 Captain Robert Bargrave sold Martin's Brandon, as it was known, to Seymon Sturgis, Richard Quiney and John Sadler, merchants of London. In another grant, dated in 1643, the General Assembly confirmed to Richard Quiney, William Baker and John Sadler 1,550 acres, known as "Martin's Brandon, between Chippoak's Creek and Ward's Creek," due to them by purchase from the heirs of Captain John Martin, deceased. So this Captain Robert Bargrave must have been a grandson of Captain John Martin. "Merchant's Hope," or "Powell Brook," and "Brandon" became the joint property of Richard Quiney and his brother-in-law, John Sadler. The Quineys were from Stratford-on-Avon, and Thomas Quiney married Judith, the daughter of William Shakespeare. Ellen Sadler, daughter of John Sadler, Richard Quiney's wife, was aunt to Anne Sadler, the wife of John Harvard, founder of Harvard College.

Descended to His Son.

Richard Quiney's interest in Brandon, as well as Merchant's Hope, descended to his son, Thomas Quiney, who willed it to his great-nephew Robert Richardson, who in 1720 conveyed the same to Nathaniel Harrison, to whom the interests of the Sadlers passed at the same time. Benjamin Harrison, whose tomb may still be seen at Jamestown Island, was the founder of this prominent colonial family. Benjamin Harrison, III, acquired Berkeley, a large plantation further up the river, while his brother, Nathaniel Harrison, completed the acquisition of the broad acres of Brandon. Berkeley passed into the hands of strangers years ago, but Brandon has come down through unbroken succession from the Harrisons for over 200 years ago to the Harrisons of today.

Entering at the "Big Gate" one wanders along a driver, curving through many ancient shade trees, with here and there bits of shrubbery, then suddenly the great manor-house looms up through the open park. One is struck with view of red bricks and the white portals of Brandon. The house is of the long, rambling colonial type, consisting of a large, square central building, two flanking wings and connecting corridors. The buildings are of brick laid in Flemish bond. Each front has a wide porch and double-door entrance. We arrived from the landward side of the house. The pineapple, the emblem of hospitality, that tops the roof of the central building is truly characteristic of the spirit of those within its walls. Colonial dignitaries, Presidents and their Cabinets, foreign men of importance, gathering of relatives from all over the State and the "strangers within the gates," all have known the hearty welcome and open hospitality of Brandon.

Covers Entire First Floor.

Entering, we found ourselves in a large central hall. It is divided in half by arches resting on Ionic columns and contains a wonderful example of the colonial staircase. This hall, with the drawing-room on the north side, and the dining-room on the south side, covers the entire first floor of the central building. These rooms are lofty, with panelled walls and large fireplaces. One can just imagine a chilly night, with the wind howling down the river, a cheerful fire sparkling and roaring up the chimney. The dining-room and drawing-room contain a collection of portraits of many eminent persons, formerly the property of William Byrd, of Westover. There are many celebrated court painters and early American artists represented here. In the dining-room is found the portrait of the wife of Colonel Benjamin Harrison, who was a granddaughter of the noted man of letters, Colonel William Byrd, of Westover. Through her marriage into the Harrison family many art treasurers and portraits formerly at Westover were brought to Brandon. Among them the canvas of the ill-fated beauty of the eighteenth century, Evelyn Byrd, whose tragic end came at Westover, where she lies buried. This portrait is by Sir George Kneller, and though the painting itself is dimmed by the passing of two centuries, yet the same sweet girlish face smiles down today.

Portrait By Wilson Beale.

The central portrait in the drawing-room is that of Colonel Benjamin Harrison, by Charles Wilson Beale; a slender gentleman of the old school is shown against a dark background, with most expressive eyes and a kindly intellectual face. He was a friend and roommate of Thomas Jefferson and a member of the first State Executive Committee in 1776. All around is a distinguished gathering of colonial nobles and gallants, dames and damsels.

Priceless furniture fills these rooms and to the lovers of old brass, it is a treasure-house. We were shown the original land grant and many state documents, old and crumbling with age, yet still showing the quaint handwriting of the day. They speak of the court gown of Evelyn Byrd, the Ann Boleyns bowl and many other valuable things of bygone days, as of ordinary things of today.

Historical Memories.

Few indeed are the historical houses in Virginia, and still used as homes by the original families or their lineal descendants, are more wonderful in historical memories than this ancient manor. The north and south wings came next in line of interest. They were entirely given over to bedrooms and offices. Up curious banistered staircases we went to large bedrooms with high-panelled walls, ivy-cased windows and old open fireplaces. The daily life at "Brandon" follows in the path of the Colonial forebears, and at night the present-day Harrisons are wooed to slumber in ancient four-posters of richly carved mahogany. Massive mahogany wardrobes, washstands and bureaus are still being used as generations have used them. Many of the bedrooms once had small rooms opening off from them, one on each side of the fireplace, with a window, that were known as "powdering rooms." Through holes in the doors the belles and beaux would put their carefully dressed heads into these rooms, in order that they might be powdered without the silks and velvets being enveloped in a cloud of powder. What scenes of the bygone days these rooms conjured up in one's mind. In each room hangs a cord, that being pulled sounded a bell over a stone bench in the basement. We could picture many guests in the house, servants hurrying here and there to the beck of some haughty dame, or bringing a julep to some portly old gentleman. On the bench in the basement sat a row of black boys to answer each impatient jangle of the bell over their heads. Was it a bewigged old councillor ringing for his "boy" or some fair damsel with heart aflutter sending a sweet-scented note to "Dunmore" or "Willow Hill," or some near-by plantation?

Some one spoke then of ghosts and secret panels. We went down the long corridors to the south wing to see the secret panel, although we had already been told there was nothing behind it, or had ever, in the memory of those still living, been found there. Of course, that sent crumbling much that had been hoped for, yet we went with quickened steps to see the dark recess behind the piece of panelling. The spring had long ago rusted away and the panel was simply pried away. Emptiness filled the dim hole. Yet what dark secrets it might have held? What valuable papers and family treasures may have lain there in security while maraudering soldiers hunted the house over for them? In the same room with the secret panel a brick projection from the wall of odd shape had been investigated—when some of the bricks were removed there lay a human skull, white and ghastly. But, as we were told, the first touch of the air it crumbled away, leaving nothing of a story to start on.

Then we were conducted to the drawing-room, where we were shown a little gold ring hanging from the chandelier—surely not a work of art nor beauty, yet its charm lies in its mystery. Generation after generation of Harrisons have passed under this little circle of gold, yet no one knows who placed it there. Somewhere away back in the dim fogs of antiquity lies its secret. And woe betide the one who removes it! There is a legend about the ring, that whoever is so unfortunate as to remove the ring a lifetime of ill luck will follow them. But it will swing safely there as long as "Brandon" stands, undisturbed as the centuries pass.

But no one antique can hold your attention for long at "Brandon"—no sooner than you become interested in one thing there is brought from some chest or drawer something that will attract and hold you until your genial host calls you to view another treasure. The family plate was next shown us—rare and quaint pieces of silver, many bearing the Harrison crest, a demi-lion rampant supporting a laurel wreath. As these pieces were passed from hand to hand many exclamations were made at the discovery of dates more than 200 years past. There still is kept the communion service of Martin's Brandon Church, a building long ago destroyed. The inscription shows the service was the gift of Major John Westhrope and dated in 1659.

Go to Family Graveyard.

Leaving the main hall we went through wide doors on the front or riverward porch. Here we were shown the scars and scratches made by shot and shell from gunboats on the river during the Civil War. Before us spread a wide green sward, inclosed by box hedge, and beyond stately trees. On a plat of "Brando" dated 1702 shows a part marked "a corner of the garden," so for more than two centuries there has been a garden at "Brandon." And what a garden! With its trim walkways, its beds of old-fashioned flowers, and many, many age-old trees. Mimosas, magnolias, oaks, great-girthed and many ivy clad; slow-growing yews and pecan trees of twenty feet in circumference. A long walk leads beneath overshadowing trees to a river lookout, where one may sit on a rustic bench and watch the ever-changing life on the river. No changes are made in this garden with the passing of the years, as in the city gardens of today, where, perhaps, the whole display comes fresh from the florist, where it blooms through the summer, allowed to die in the fall, to be replaced with something new in the ensuing spring. Not so at "Brandon." Here it is essentially a garden of first families only. Most of the shrubs and bushes can trace their ancestry back to some garden in England. The venerable lilies, peonies, lilacs and syringas can recall the day when the magnolias and the elms were mere saplings. Here one finds that restful permanence far away from the world of modern-day hurry and bustle.

Then, with members of the family, we went across the lawn past the north wing to the family graveyard. As has been stated before, the first Benjamin Harrison does not lie buried here, but at Jamestown Island near the great sycamore tree. However, all the tombs of his descendants are here in this ancient plantation burying ground.

Between the graveyard and the manor house stands what is perhaps the oldest building on the plantation, an old garrison house; it certainly looks as it could withstand a heavy assault with its thick walls, iron doors and shutters and loopholes. It must have been built after the terrible Indian massacre in 1622, yet perchance it served as place of refuge in many later attacks.

Rarely can one point to a more interesting specimen of an ancient manor house which until our own day has escaped the destroyer's hand or received more conservative treatment than ancient and picturesque "Brandon." Nor can one find a more genial and hospitable host than the present owner, Mr. Gordon Harrison, who welcomes all, including the "stranger within the gates," and to all he shows the stately mansion and park-like grounds with genuine old Virginia hospitality.

It is with a feeling of regret that one hears the big gate click shut behind them. Departure from "Brandon" is like the ceasing of soul-stirring music, yet always in one's memory will linger the thoughts and dreams of this wonderful old manor house.

MIRRORS OF RICHMOND

Anonymous—By the Man in the Linen Duster

FRANK T. McFADEN

The canny Scot has the reputation from sun to sun of being the tightest wad extant. He is looked upon admirably by some who would emulate him as being able to see short cuts and save leakages and percentages more accurately and more definitely than the professional loan shark. He is thrift personified. Good luck to him.

Harry Lauder was a guest at a meeting of the Rotary Club last spring. After eating heartily of the $1.25 dinner, and removing the napkin from his neck, he arose and, in response to a general yearning on the part of the Rotarians who wanted to hear him sing, gave hearty voice to one of his ditties. The applause was deafening. It echoed and re-echoed throughout the hotel. People from the Anti-Saloon headquarters ran to the door to see the trouble. But Mr. Lauder simply bowed his acknowledgment of the tribute paid him by the noisy Rotarians. He waved his hand for silence. Thinking he was about to render another piece, the husky throats of the clubmen were hushed, and the canny Scot arose and said as follows:

"Thanks, but that's enough for nothing."

Sing No More for Nothing.

He had eaten $1.25 worth, and had paid for it by singing one song. He would sing no more for nothing. Those who cared to hear him could do so by spending $2 for a seat in the orchestra.

But Lauder is an exception. The average Scotchman is as liberal as any other average man. True, it is reported that he seldom "sets 'em

"DOC" McFADEN

up," as he takes his nip of Scotch, that, it is said, being a rule seldom broken in Scotland. As a result of this he gets little "for nothing," for the average man is in love with the reciprocity that grew popular in the famous campaign in which Grover Cleveland licked the Republicans' champion, James G. Blaine.

Frank T. McFaden is one of the exceptions. He is liberal in every respect. He scatters sparks of human kindness; spreads chunks of cheerfulness, and helps the stumbling fellow-man along as gracefully as a fawn and as willingly as a bee accepts the lily. And he never passes the hat. He is brief. There are no long, tiresome preambles in his resolutions. He doesn't ask a man what his political affiliation is before he gives a helping hand. He never inquires into a man's denominational belief before giving him a drink. "Get the subject in good physical condition first," he once said.

If brevity is the soul of wit, McFaden is a whole paradise or purgatory, whichever way the souls go. Be brief and to the point. Do not consult a man's family tree before giving him a sandwich. A starving man cannot eat a tract. These are his precepts.

He tells the story of the preacher who had no watch, and in whose church there was no clock. This preacher used to get into his little pulpit every Sunday morning, and preach until he heard the shrill whistle of the fast express train as it scooted by the crossroads half a mile away. When that whistle pierced the air and stirred the woodland for miles around, the parson slowly closed the Book, rolled his eyes toward the belfry of the little church, spread his arms above the bowed heads of his flock, and pronounced the benediction.

One day a committee from the congregation waited upon the station agent at the crossing, and asked him to stop the blowing of the whistle on Sunday. The agent expressed amazement.

"This is a public highway," he protested, "and if the whistle fails to blow, and some one gets killed in going over the track, where are we at?"

The committee insisted.

"What is the reason because?" the perplexed agent inquired.

"Well, I tell you," the chairman of the delegation said. "The parson uses that whistle to time his sermon, and for three weeks the train has been behind time about an hour."

"I'll have her stopped," the agent agreed, being a man with a fellow-feeling.

Dr. McFaden was at a public meeting one Wednesday night where the audience was small.

"When I was conducting prayer-meeting," the doctor said, "I used to say that all the people must be out to some show or public meeting. But tonight I feel like saying the people must all be at prayer meeting."

Dr. McFaden is a good mixer. He says the best way to fortify one's self against the wiles of the devil, and to know enough about humanity to be able to preach intelligently, is to mix with the people. A preacher, he said, is a human being—has the same red blood running through his veins, and to be a successful preacher he must rub shoulders with his fellowman. "A subject can be reached better when he knows his preacher is 'one of the gang,' and he will listen when the time comes.

Was Professional "Jiner."

They used to say of the old-line politicians who joined all the secret organizations and fraternal societies that he was a professional "jiner." McFaden is a professional "jiner." He probably belongs to more secular organizations than all the other parsons in the community. He, therefore, knows more men personally; is acquainted with their short-comings, their fads, their fancies. He rubs elbows with them on the floor of the lodge, and can at the drop of a hat get closer to them than any other preacher, because he is familiar with his subject.

"We are all alike," he says. "I am no better than Jones; he is no worse than I. So when the conversation gets around to the saving of his soul, I have him. If he gets obstreperous, I can pass him the high sign, and outargue him, and, in the end, he will see the right path toward which I am heading him."

Great leaders are men who let the other fellow think he is leading them. Frank McFaden's philosophy is to give a man plenty of rope. Then he hauls him in just as a fisherman hauls his line. He lets the other fellow wind himself; then he has him at his mercy. Any community is fortunate in having a man like this Scotchman in its midst. The results of his labors may be found on every side. Great crowds go to hear him preach. Why? Because he is brief and to the point; he is not sensational; he does not get away from the religious idea when he is in the pulpit; he never gets into political wrangles; he rubs shoulders with the men of the city, and he is always at the service of the people, no matter who they may be.

Identity Lost Somewhat.

He is called upon more than any other public man, the Mayor excepted, to speak at public gatherings, and he fits himself into the groove with much grace. Since he has left the pulpit for a larger field, that of leader in a community that teaches laymen to do the work of helping fellowmen, his identity has been lost, somewhat. At a recent convention he was introduced to make the opening prayer. The speaker had a vague notion that he was connected with a local seminary, so he blurted out—

"And now I present Doc McFaden, superintendent of our local cemetery."

"You have him wrong there," corrected a delegate. "He is one of the livest men in this State, and is connected with all the live institutions."

And it is to be hoped that it will be a long time before he gets into any closer touch with a cemetery than he is at this moment.

U. S. Per Capita Meat Consumption Gains

[By Associated Press.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The Department of Commerce, in a statement tonight, estimated that the per capita consumption of meat in the United States will exceed 150 pounds this year. The estimate was based on returns covering eight months, and which were said to show an average slightly above that figure.

The department called attention to the steadily increasing consumption of meat in the United States for the past twelve years, which, the statement said, emphasized in a striking way the relation of meat consumption to the economic buying power of the people.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE" HAD U. S. DEBUT IN STATE

Shakespeare's Great Play First Given in America at Williamsburg.

MADE ITS APPEARANCE IN 1752

On American Stage There Have Been Many Notable Representatives of Chief Characters in Play—List of the Actors.

The history of "The Merchant of Venice" in America is almost a history of the American stage itself, since it has been played almost continuously since its first performance in this country at Williamsburg, Va., on September 5, 1752, and has engaged in its many presentations nearly all of the great players of the American stage. To the list of notable productions must now be added that made this season by David Belasco, who presents Mr. Warfield in the character of Shylock at the Lyceum Theater, New York.

In his "Shadows of the Stage," the late William Winter gives the following list of the more important players who have appeared in the play in this country.

"On the American stage there have been many notable representatives of the chief characters in 'The Merchant of Venice.' In New York, when the comedy was done at the old John Street Theater in 1773, Hallam was Shylock and Mrs. Morris, Portia. Twenty years afterward, at the same house, Shylock was played by John Henry and Portia by Mrs. Henry, while the brilliant Hodgkinson appeared as Gratiano. Cooper, whose life has been so well written by that ripe theatrical scholar, Joseph N. Ireland, in one of the books of the Dunlap Society, assumed Shylock in 1797 at the theater just then opened in Greenwich Street. The famous Miss Brunton (then Mrs. Merry) was the Portia, and the cast included Moreton as Bassanio, Warren as Antonio, Bernard as Gratiano, and Blissett as Tubal. How far away and how completely lost and forgotten those once distinguished and admired persons are! Yet Cooper in his day was idolized: he had a fame as high, if not as widely spread, as that of Henry Irving or Edwin Booth. William Creswick—lately dead at an advanced age in London—was seen upon the New York stage as Shylock in 1810; Macready in 1841; Charles Kean in 1845. With the latter, Ellen Tree played Portia. Charles W. Couldock enacted Shylock on September 6, 1852, at the Castle Garden Theater, in a performance given to commemorate the alleged centenary of the introduction of the drama into America. The elder Wallack, the elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, G. V. Brooke, George Vandenhoff, Wyzeman Marshall and E. L. Davenport are among the old local representatives of the Jew. Madam Ponisi used to play Portia, and so did Mrs. Hoey.

"In December, 1858, when 'The Merchant of Venice' was finally revived at Wallack's Theater, with the elder Wallack as Shylock, the cast included John Brougham as Gratiano, A. W. Young—a quaintly comic actor, too soon cut off—as Launcelot Gobbo, Mary Gannon—the fascinating, the irresistible—as Nerissa, and handsome Mrs. Sloan as Jessica. The eminent German actor Davison played Shylock in New York in his own language, and many German actors, no one of them comparable with him, have been seen in it since. Lawrence Barrett often played it, and with remarkable force and feeling. The triumphs won in it by Edwin Booth are within the remembrance of many playgoers of this generation. When he last acted the Jew, Helena Modjeska was associated with him as Portia."

Russian Dukes to Assemble.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Maria Feodorovne, the dowager Empress of Russia, who now resides in Denmark, has agreed to a meeting of all of the Russian Grand Dukes to be held in Copenhagen at Christmas time. All the Grand Dukes, who are now scattered over the world, will be notified and they are expected to attend the court of the dowager queen. A number of prominent Russian monarchists, in Berlin, and Munich, also have been invited to attend the meeting.

Vienna Ready to Cremate Its Dead.

VIENNA, Dec. 23.—On the spot where, tradition says, stood Sullman's tent when his Turkish legions besieged Vienna in 1683, the first crematory in the eerritory of the old empire is shortly to be opened.